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seen in an almost visionary way—the mighty figure of a mower, returning to his home, with the scythe on his shoulder. But Skarbina has a special weakness for the late hour, when the lamps are already lit and reflected in the canal or in pools of rain water, and when fine lines of light are thrown on the wheels and metal fittings of passing vehicles. He is particularly happy in his large painting, *All Souls Day*, where he places the artificial light of burning candles into the natural light of a late afternoon, thus obtaining a curious and interesting contrast.

Very different from Skarbina's astonishing versatility, which makes his personality appear somewhat vague and undefined, is the strong concentration which appears in the work of another Berlin artist, Reinhold Lepsius (born 1857). He is the son of the celebrated Egyptologist Lepsius, and has devoted himself entirely to portraiture. It would almost appear as if he only considers highly intellectual people and sensitive souls to be worthy subjects for his brush. At any rate, all the portraits which he exposes to the public gaze bear the stamp of inherent aristocracy of the spirit, which raises them considerably above the level of ordinary portrait painting. If this inclination connects Lepsius with Lenbach, he differs from him considerably by his particular individuality and by the style of his pictorial rendering. Lenbach's aim is the forcible, heroic, imposing, and he does not shrink from a certain brutality if he wishes to express historic grandeur. He paints, so to say, only men of force and power.

Lepsius, on the other hand, paints aristocrats in the sense of Henrik Ibsen—aristocrats of sentiment, of nerves, and of intellect; men who carry in their blood a strong tradition of culture, and who look upon life with light Hellenic eyes, more contemplative than active, their souls already a little tired. And the exterior artistic character of these pictures harmonizes with this inner feeling. Far from the imposing gold-glitter, borrowed by Lenbach from the galleries of old masters, Lepsius prefers a tender, delicate, subdued, silvery grey, from which the subject of the portrait stands out softly, and yet decided. But it would be wrong to think that the artist follows a certain recipe, and paints, say, in the manner of Whistler. He is independent,

makes his arrangements according to the individuality of the sitter, and stands well within the borders of good German tradition. Of course, he has learnt much from Whistler, notably the tasteful combination of tones. But his contrasts are stronger, his elaboration of details more decided and reliable. He does not only wish to render some pictorial impression of a personality, but a psychological description by pictorial means.

Among Lepsius's works, I must mention, in the first place, some excellent portraits of *servants*, like those of his father, of G. Ebers, and the one of Ernst Curtius, which is reproduced in *THE ARTIST*. But he is also a refined painter of ladies' portraits, who knows how to express loveliness and gentleness and dreamy thoughts, as well as roguish gracefulness. In this direction the artist has a dangerous competitor in his wife. Sabine Lepsius, a daughter of the well-known painter Graef, has, however, not carried this competition beyond the stage of noble rivalry, and one might well say that the friendly harmony of this artistic couple is demonstrated by the complete unity of their artistic convictions. Sabine Lepsius shows, as portraitist, the same characteristics as Reinhold Lepsius, but she replaces her husband's searching penetration by boldness and freshness. She does not carry characterisation quite so far, but she gives more decision to those features which have not escaped her observation.

(To be continued.)

ART CENTRES.

LONDON NICO JUNGSMANN'S EXHIBITION

THE Exhibitions of Nico Jungmann's 'Picturesque Holland' at the Dowdeswell galleries are by way of becoming a regular feature of the London Art season, and we know of but few artists the annual return of whose work deserves to be more heartily welcomed, his pictures having all the qualities to secure the admiration of his brother artists, whilst their beauty is, at



THE WIDOW
BY NICO JUNGMAHN

The Artist



the same time, of a kind that cannot fail to appeal to the public at large. 'Picturesque Holland' was perhaps not a happy title to choose for the present third series of Jungsmann's frescoes and water-colour drawings, since Italy is the country that has this time furnished him with the motives for his principal pictures. His impressions of Florence and Venice are the more interesting, as they are his first departures from the representations of scenes and types of his beloved Dutch fishing villages. It can hardly be ascribed to mere accident that Italy is the country he has turned to for a change, Italy being the only country, besides his native land, where the conditions favour the style he has made his own: a modern adaptation of the style of the primitive—Flemish or Italian—in technique and feeling. Needless to say, this strong leaning towards the early masters does not in his case lead to the kind of mechanical imitation which can be

found in some of the Birmingham Neo-pre-Raphaelites, but to a decorative treatment, tempered by close observation of nature, and to an altogether charming intensity of expression. Wherever he introduces emotion, it is emotion of the most primitive kind: religious fervour, maternal love, childish joy. And this is quite in accordance with the patriarchal simplicity of the

Dutch—and also to a certain extent of the Italian—peasant's life. Nico Jungsmann's pictures are moreover full of human sympathy, not mere statements of facts, of scenes he has actually seen or imagined to have seen. He does not play the part of a cold observer, but enters into the very spirit of the thing, sympathetically, lovingly.

His treatment is essentially decorative. He revels in the harmonies of a rich palette and uses his pigments with daring and unerring taste. His skill in the rendering of textures, is as admirable as the minuteness of the details in his pictures. Tempera on *gesso grosso* is his favourite medium, and he could not have chosen a more suitable one to bring out to best advantage the fascinating peculiarities of his style. In justice to the artist it should be said that in deciding in favour of tempera, he has not followed, but rather set, the fashion which is gaining ground day by day, since he was one of the first, if not



A FLORENTINE GIRL
BY NICO JUNGSMANN

the first, to draw attention to a long neglected technique by his extensive use of it.

Of a very different nature are his water-colour drawings. Here he does not rely so much on the splendour of the pigment, but directs his attention to atmospheric effects. The hardness of outline disappears, the colours are broken and mellow, but the general effect is none the less



ADORATION
BY NICO JUNGMAHNN

decorative. Among the water-colours is a fine profile head of a 'Beatrix,' the general arrangement of which, and particularly the elongated shape of the graceful neck, are strongly reminiscent of the early Florentine school, of Botticelli or Piero della Francesca.

At the Doré Gallery is to be seen at the present moment, a work by an artist who does not often find a place in the exhibitions of the West-end of London. It is Nature herself, who has produced an admirable, 'cameo-like' piece of miniature sculpture which may well defy the skill of the most practised of human hands. Were it not testified by so many experts, European and American, it would be hard to believe that this 'stone-face' has not been worked upon to give the final touches to an accidental resemblance of the stone to a human head—so perfect are its lineaments. To call it a 'sermon in stone,' or 'Portrait of the Saviour,' is perhaps a little far fetched, but it is a freak of nature well worthy of the artist's careful attention.

The feature of the exhibition of the Surrey Art Circle at the Continental Gallery is a 'Case

of Objects from a Workshop,' by Alfred Gilbert, R.A., which should be of supreme interest for the very reason that they do not represent finished works from the sculptor's studio, but illustrate the preliminary stages which are not generally accessible to the public. The painting by the members of the 'Circle' include many good things, but must needs suffer from the close proximity of Mr. and Mrs. Hartrick's admirable series of *Life in the West Country*, shown in an adjoining room. The Continental Gallery has a bad past to live down, and the strenuous efforts of the managers to substitute real art for sensationalism should meet with sympathy and encouragement.

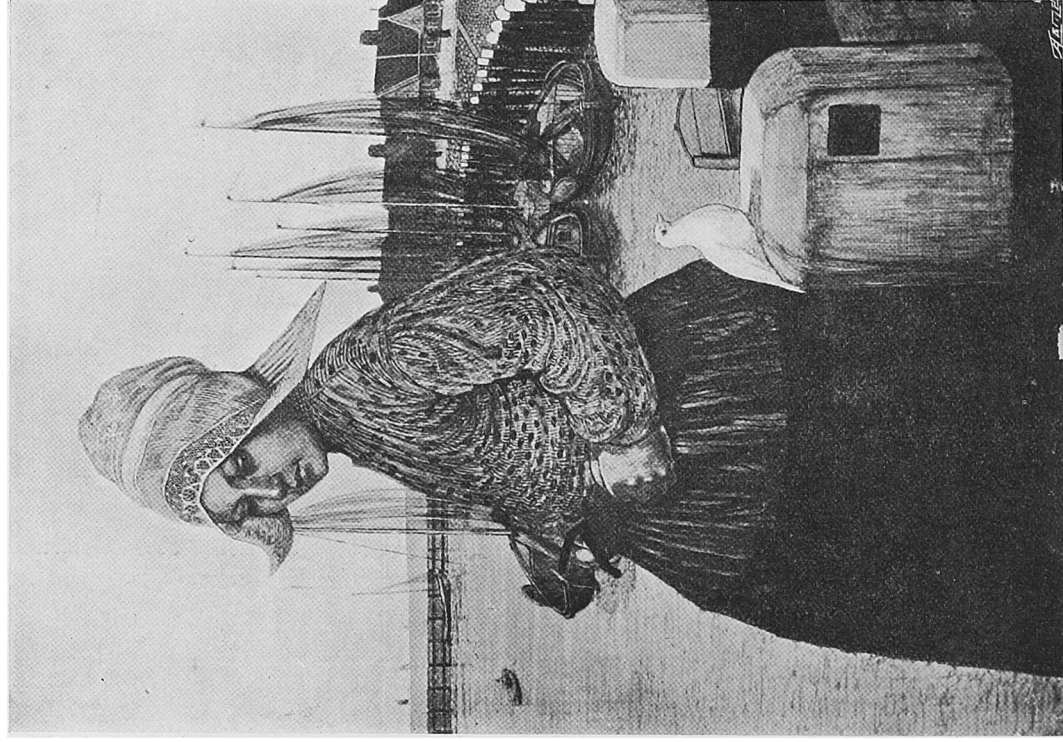
The Fine Art Society's new exhibition of water-colour drawings of the Holy Land and Egypt by H. A. Harper, is of particular interest, because it is almost entirely 'composed of the original drawings made upon his first visit to the East in company with the late Lord Dudley, drawings which he always declined to part with, as the majority were of places such as the Desert of Sinai, which he could hardly hope, and in fact never did have the opportunity to revisit.'



THE REAL STONE FACE
AT THE DORÉ GALLERY



A LITTLE CONDOILIER
BY NICO JUNGSMANN



CONTEMPLATION
BY NICO JUNGSMANN



'BEATRIX'
BY NICO JUNGSMANN

The Artist



and the *Portrait* (No. 125) to illustrate how unimportant literary interest is in a picture which is so inspiring a study of rich, luminous colour, painted with brilliant dexterity and unflinching firmness.

Of the *Portrait of Philip IV* (No. 130) there is little to be said that is in any way new, except to express regret that the hanging Committee has done such scant justice to it. The portrait is identical with the one in the Museum of the Prado, and opens up the whole question of the authenticity of the Velasquez pictures which are to be found outside the famous Spanish collection. That Velasquez painted not less than forty portraits of his patron is established beyond dispute, but there is, also, little doubt but that many replicas were painted to be sent out of the country as presents. It is a strange history, the life story of this great painter and this weak king! 'Battles were lost and won, the Spanish navy was destroyed, the military supremacy of Spain was wrested from her by France, Portugal became independent, Olivarez retired in disgrace, the young heir-apparent died, and still the calm of the palace was unruffled.' The portraits of the king remain, whilst the errors and injustices of the narrow-minded young monarch and the cruel, elderly bigot remain as human documents which compel us to question the comprehensiveness of our friendly philosopher, M. Bergeret. Truly the history of nations must be written apart from the life story of their kings, and Velasquez, the servant, still lives, whilst Philip the master is no better than dry dust. Of such is the kingdom of Art!

FORTUNY'S UNIQUE ACHIEVEMENT BY E. WAKE COOK

As we may never again see Fortuny's masterpieces in London, it would reflect sadly on our critical acumen if we allow them to depart without noting their author's distinctive contribution to the development of art. Our critics, unfortunately, have their eyes turned the other way, and find it easier to join the fashionable pæan of praise to Velasquez than to discern the nature of Fortuny's

unique technical achievement, a task requiring, perhaps, a painter's equipment. Meissonier, carrying forward the traditions of the great Dutchmen, perfected the art of painting large pictures on a small scale. Finish, and the art of concealing the art, could go no further. Advance in that direction appeared out of the question until Fortuny, with the inspiration of genius, achieved the seemingly impossible and united equally high finish with the ease and looseness, the felicitous handling of a brilliant sketch. With equal thoroughness and delicacy of drawing, he gave even greater subtlety, and a harmony and splendour of colour that the great Frenchman never attained. Pigments, in Fortuny's hands, became transmuted into all that is precious; and *The Spanish Marriage* and *The Selection of a Model* gleam like caskets of gems. That his followers should have vulgarised his style by their tinsel-like glitter, and that Fortuny's subjects were sometimes tinged with vulgarity must not blind us to his wonderful technical achievements.

As the present tendency is to paint small ideas on a big scale, to magnify sloppy sketches to heroic proportions, and to emphasise the paintiness of paint, Fortuny's works should prove a useful corrective; and the Guildhall authorities were happily inspired in showing them just when their influence is most needed.

LIVERPOOL.—A large and interesting collection of modern etchings, engravings and fine book-bindings was bequeathed to the city of Liverpool by the late Mr. H. F. Hornby, one of the many commercial magnates associated with the shipping interest. Various estimates as to the pecuniary value of the collection are freely circulated. That which finds most general favour places the sum at £60,000, but those in authority who are presumed to know all about it are distinctly taciturn on the point. However, a selection from the Bequest is now being exhibited in the Walker Art Gallery at the instance of the Library, Museum and Arts Committee of the Liverpool Corporation, and judging from this, the collection is a decided acquisition upon which Liverpool may congratulate itself. Mr.

ART CENTRES—LIVERPOOL



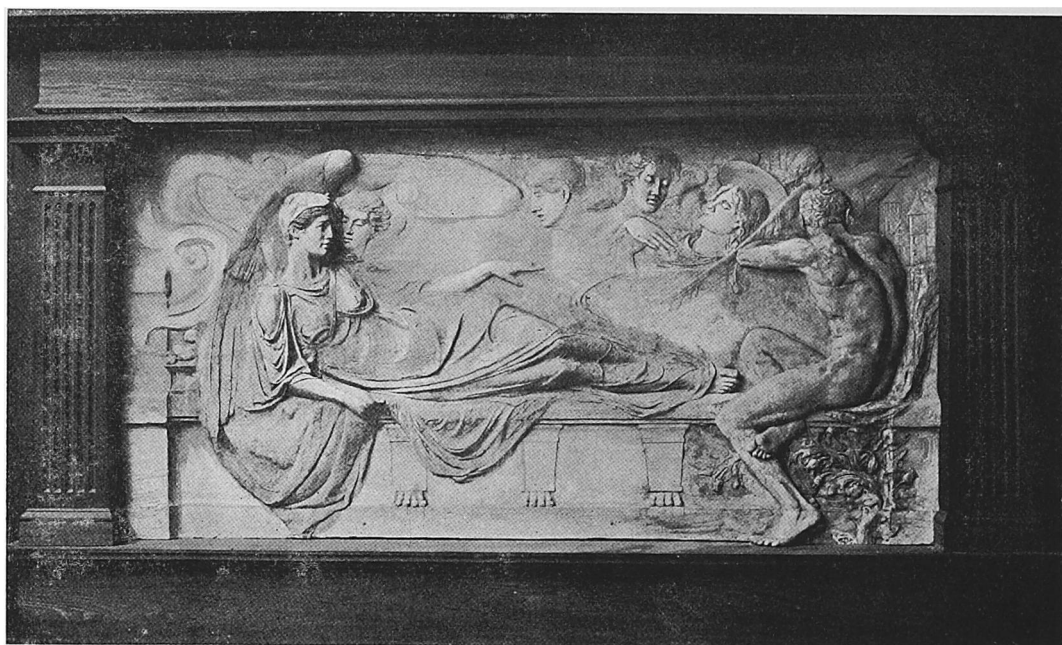
'DAWN,' BY J. CROSLAND MCCLURE, LIVERPOOL

Hornby left a sum of £10,000 wherewith to build a suitable structure for the purpose of housing his gift.

A notable collection of Japanese art is being dispersed in Liverpool at the time of writing. It was formed by the late James Lord Bowes, Japanese Consul in this city. It is one of the richest collections in this country, and until quite recently was displayed on certain days to the public in an annexe which the late Mr. Bowes built to his mansion, 'Streatlam Towers.' Some little time after his death a movement was started by certain enthusiasts with the object of inducing the city to purchase the collection entire, which was afterwards modified into an attempt to raise a fund by private subscription

in order to present the collection to the city. Neither endeavour being successful, the treasures which Mr. Bowes spent a great many years of his life and a considerable part of his fortune in acquiring are being dispersed under the hammer.

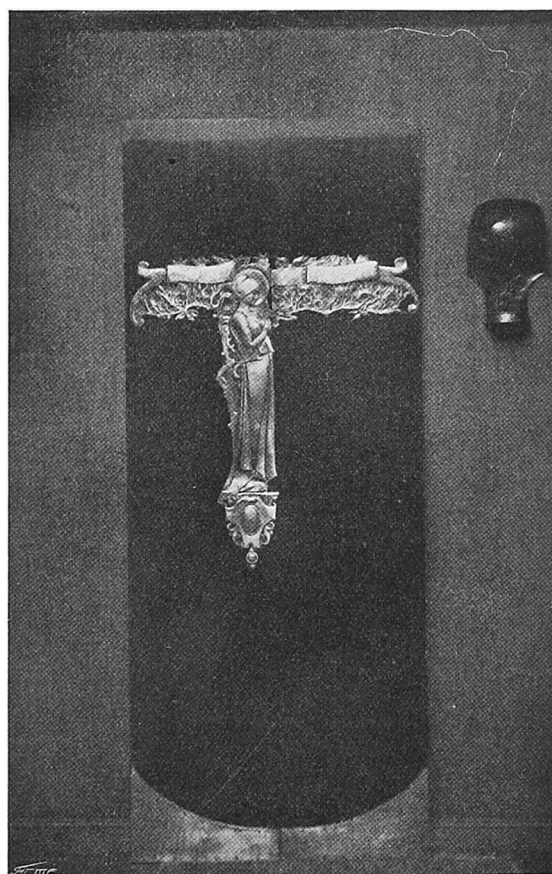
Mr. J. Crosland McClure, a sculptor recently come to this city, is represented in the present Royal Academy exhibition by a fine relief panel—*Dawn*. It is a spirited design, modelled with high technical skill, and is one of the best decorative allegories the much-used subject has yet inspired. The photograph gives an excellent idea of the general composition and effect; but of course the panel itself must be seen for the exquisite subtlety of modelling in the principal figure to be realised.



'MORS JANUA VITÆ' BY KELLOCK BROWN GLASGOW

GLASGOW

GLASGOW.—One of the most striking works of sculpture in the Glasgow International Exhibition Fine Art Section is Mr. Kellock Brown's large panel, *Mors Janua Vitæ*, which occupies a prominent place on one of the grand staircases. The subject is treated in the classical spirit, as our illustration makes plain, and is an allegorical conception of the consolations of religion. In low relief in the background is shown the floating figure of a female, haloed, borne star-ward by angels. In the foreground reclines another female figure who, pensive for the lost one, is consoled by the reflection conveyed in the title that death is the gate of life, and that 'this is the way to the stars.' At the feet of the reclining figure is seated a nude male figure, who shares her sorrow, but serves the more practical purpose of balancing the composition, which, as a whole, is very bold and striking. Conventionalised poppies, wings, and flames, add to the literary suggestiveness of the work, which is unquestionably the best that Mr. Kellock Brown, one of the youngest artists in Scotland, has yet given us.



PATENT SLIDING DOOR
WITH MOUNTING IN BEATEN SILVER
BY KELLOCK BROWN, GLASGOW

BIRMINGHAM.—A collection of fifteen works by the great French artist, M. W. Bougereau forms the *pièce de résistance* at the annual Spring Exhibition of the Royal Society of Artists. These pictures are proving a most popular attraction, and the committee are receiving congratulations on all hands. That M. Bougereau is a consummate master of the art of painting is indisputable, criticism of his method of handling the brush would indeed be absurd, if not impertinent. But when we have granted that his dexterity is unsurpassable, and his flesh painting marvellous, we may perhaps allow ourselves a little more license and frankly state that his taste is not unimpeachable. It is impossible altogether to dissociate these realistic works from the living pictures of the stage—we are irresistibly reminded of the limelight. M. Bougereau's work is too frequently an embodiment of the 'false idea of beauty,' as set forth in 'Modern Painters.' These perfectly perfect works, with their beautiful faces and exquisite flesh tints, are very distracting to the

seekers of simple truth. Nevertheless they should prove to be of great educational value in this town, where many artists have gone to the other extreme and have succeeded in striking the harshest note in the whole pre-Raphaelite gamut. Beauty must always appeal to the artistic temperament, and if our local workers attempt to follow in M. Bougereau's footsteps, they may be able to obtain the happy mean which is so eminently desirable.

Although it would be interesting to describe some of these fine pictures in detail, we must refrain from the temptation and deal with work which has not been so much exhibited and is therefore less familiar to the public and critics alike.

Mr. Charles M. Gere, A., has made a most interesting experiment in his picture *The Tennis Party*. He has obtained an effect to which we are singularly unaccustomed in the rendering of

BIRMINGHAM AND BRUSSELS.

modern subject. Again we must refer to Ruskin; it will be remembered that he urged our modern artists not to seek for subjects in the realms of fiction or imagination, but to set down, for the benefit of future generations, the everyday facts of our everyday life: we cannot help thinking that Mr. Gere had the great critic's dicta on historical painting in mind, when he gave us all the elaborate details of one of the most popular social functions of our day. An artist must always run the risk of being charged with banality, when he undertakes a picture of this nature, but Mr. Gere escapes this danger by his skilfully artistic interpretation of the most trivial and commonplace accessories. The colour scheme is mellow and harmonious and the composition admirable.

Mr. Jonathan Pratt, M., has been so indefatigable in his duties as secretary of the Society, that he has had little time for painting this year. He contributed, however, a characteristic little genre picture entitled *A Shepherd's Fireside*, which has not suffered from any undue haste or lack of care. Mr. Claude Pratt sent three canvases, the best of which is a well-composed, bright little picture called *A Message from the Sea*. This artist is also well represented in the 'Art Circle,' which, with the Easel Club, has been incorporated in the exhibition this year, but we must reserve our criticism of these interesting little shows for a future occasion.

Colonel C. T. Burt has seldom given us a better work than *Market Day*; some cattle being driven down a cliff path to market, give a *raison d'être* for the title, but they are nevertheless quite a minor episode. The strength of the picture lies in the convincing painting of sea, marsh and sky. *Derbyshire Moorlands*, a charming landscape, and *Cambrian Railway*, are also worthy examples of his art.

Mr. J. V. Jelley's work is always notable for its sympathetic quality, and his beautiful little picture *Nightfall* will amply maintain his reputation.

We noticed with pleasure some very promising portraits from the brush of Mr. Herbert Gibbs, a local artist who has studied first at the School of Art and then with Professor Herkomer. He is at present very naturally somewhat markedly under the influence of the latter master.

Still, his work gives evidence of considerable purpose and individuality.

The Art Union has made a good selection for its first prize in the picture by Wellesley Cottrell, called *After Many Storms*. The artist is to be congratulated on the power with which he has rendered the waters gathering into a torrent, an undoubtedly difficult subject.

We have unfortunately exhausted our space, though much more might fairly be said in praise of one of the most interesting all-round exhibitions we have had here for some time.

BRUSSELS.—M. Victor Rousseau has some little time ago held an exhibition of some of his works at the *Cercle Artistique*. To those who had any doubts as to M. Rousseau's position in the art world, this exhibition gave clear evidence that he must be considered one of the greatest masters of modern sculpture. He combines supreme power of execution with a grand style and with a profound poetic, serene and strong imagination. His *Puberté*, *Danse Antique*, his busts, his group of two lovers, lost in sad contemplation, are all works of great distinction. Victor Rousseau's name cannot fail to become a household word among those who take any interest in the fine arts.

THE PARIS SALONS. SCULPTURE AND DECORATIVE ART

IN sculpture at the Salons all interest centres on Rodin's *Victor Hugo*. In decoration, the exhibits have at least the merit of opening up a very wide field of discussion. Were it possible to deal at full length with the question here, I doubt whether much satisfaction would be eventually derived from the study of the general tendencies shown by modern decoration at the Salons. The first thing that must strike an unbiassed mind, is the fact that some essential difference, of what exact nature it would be a curious but laborious study to determine, exists between the modern decorative artist and his predecessors. Possibly the explanation may be that the present age has both the set purpose